THE WEEKLY REGISTER.

FORTY-SEVENTH YEAR. POINT PLEASANT, MASON COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1909. NO

THE LADY IN THE AUTOMOBILE.

[Original.]

Miss Mary King, equipped for an automobile ride, stood at a front window waiting. She was a country girl with the glow of health on her cheeks who had come to the city the day before and stopped in one of a row of stone front houses, but she was not to remain there. Her cousin, Tom Archard, was coming with his automobile to take her to his father's place in a suburban town. She had never seen her cousin or her uncle or her aunt—not any one of that family. She had never ridden in an automobile. Tom was to call for her at 10 o'clock, and at 10:30 he had not arrived. Mary was growing impatient.

Suddenly a beautiful machine turned a corner, came up the street and stopped in front of the house. In it was Cousin Tom—who else could it be?—a handsome young fellow, who got out and was about to mount the steps when he looked up at the number above the door, then turned to the next house. Mary, naturally assuming that he was making a mistake, rushed to the door to call him. Too late; he had disappeared.

No matter. He would discover his mistake and return. She would wait for him on the stoop. She stood there a few minutes admiring the beautiful spick and span dark green machine with its polished brass mountings. It looked so pretty that she thought she would go down to it. When she got there a step into it was so easy and the cushioned seat so tempting that she got in and sat down.

Now, the gentleman who had gone in next door was not Cousin Tom at all, but Harry Craven, one of those graceless scamps who was not likely to throw an adventure over his shoulder. From a window of his club he had called to replenish his cigar case—he was surprised to see a pretty girl sitting in his machine with as much composure as if she owned it. He was going for a spin and wished she would stay there. But he didn't expect that she would. As soon as he appeared she would discover that she had made a mistake.

He went out prepared for anything. On seeing him approach the lady smiled, put out her hand and said: "Why, Cousin Tom, what has made you so late?"

"Late?"

"Yes. And why did you go into 36? I wrote you to come to 38."

"Well, now! Upon my word. Sixes and eights are much alike. But this is no way for cousins to greet one another." And the rascal bent forward and kissed her through her veil. Then he took his seat beside his newly found cousin. There was a series of chugs and off went the machine.

Now commenced a sparring on the part of the cousinless Mr. Craven to prevent detection. He skilfully avoided committing himself on anything till he had learned something about it from the lady. He gathered that he was expected to take her to his father's residence in the suburbs. It so happened that his own father lived in the suburbs, and his mother and sisters and himself as well. He turned his course homeward.

Just before luncheon Mrs. Craven and her daughters were sitting on the front piazza, engaged at reading and needlework, when up the roadway to the house came Harry in his auto, a young lady beside him.

"Bless me!" said Alice Craven. "Here comes Harry with some one, and I look a fright."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Craven. "And we've nothing but scraps from yesterday's dinner for lunch."

"Mother," cried Harry as he rounded the machine up to the porch, "you've forced me to make a guy of myself by not keeping me posted. Here's Cousin Mary come to visit us, and if it hadn't been that she's staying next door to the club I would have missed her entirely."

The excitement attending the meeting of her aunt and cousins for the first time prevented Mary from taking in the real meaning of this. Harry handed her out, and, going to her supposed aunt, she threw her arms around her neck and kissed her, then did the same with the others. She was appalled at the coldness of her reception and was wondering what to do next when Harry tipped his favorite sister the wink and suggested that their cousin be taken upstairs "to brush off the dust."

While they were gone Harry made a confession to his mother. After a sound rating she agreed with him that the poor girl must be extricated from her harrowing position with great delicacy and that to do this the deception must be kept up for a time.

When Mary reappeared she was made heartily welcome. That afternoon Harry went about telling all their friends that a cousin was visiting them and arranged for a series of entertainments. He kept Mary much of the time out with him in his automobile and devoted himself exclusively to her. But whenever his mother proposed to bring the comedy to a close he put her off. It was not till he saw a notice in the newspapers of the disappearance of Mary King and the terrible anxiety of her family and friends that he came to his senses and begged his mother to break the matter to the kidnaped girl and beg her to be merciful to him.

How all this was accomplished and the matter hushed up never got out. Sealed lips for once prevented the reporters from getting at the truth, and Harry finally atoned for his indiscretion by making the girl he had spirited away a model husband.

SILVIA LEWIS BALDWIN.

Banks.

It was in the City of Brotherly Love that the first bank was established in 1781. It was incorporated by congress under the name of "The President, Directors and Company of the Bank of North America." Three years later the second bank in the country was opened in Boston and called the Massachusetts bank.

In the same year the Bank of New York was founded.

The first United States bank was founded in 1785 and the second in 1816, in which year the first savings banks were established in Philadelphia, the other in Boston.—Scrap Book.

STUNTED OAKS.

Miniature Trees That Are Grown in China Bowls.

In the window of a florist stood some quaint china bowls, in each of which grew a tree—not a shrub, but a full sized tree, dating back many years. "Yes," replied the florist to the writer's inquiry, "they are real trees—oaks, maples and beech trees. We get them from Japan, where the secret of how to rear them is known only to a few. They are raised from seeds or specially selected cuttings, which are watched and tended with that marvelous patience inherent in the eastern races. Fifty years may pass before the tree is considered salable. During this period the plant is trained and its natural tendencies subjugated to the will of the rearer. The gardener prunes and trims and rears and directs with what Carlyle called genius—'an infinite capacity for taking pains.' A wayward twig may be bound up for two or three years to insure its correct growth. Periodically the tree is repotted. Each time this happens the roots are carefully examined and useless fiber cut away. Everything is done to concentrate the life of the tree in the smallest possible space. And in time, after years of labor, the plant loses its ability to send out long, lusty shoots and becomes a delightful miniature of its larger brethren."—Montreal Standard.

THE NIGERIAN BABY.

Water Soaked Inside and Outside at the Morning Toilet.

Matrons of the west may be interested to hear the details of the Nigerian native baby's morning toilet. Anything over three months old is no longer a "baby" to the native materfamilias and is bathed with the other children, generally a numerous brood, in the chill morning air before sunrise. The little mite yells lustily while the cold water is splashed over its brown body and generally continues the chorus when put aside to dry. Towels do not form part of the household equipment. The bathing process finished, the infants are subjected to a sort of water cure treatment. The mother seizes a child, scoops up a handful of water and, using her thumb as a kind of spout, squirts it with extraordinary dexterity into the youngster's mouth and down its throat. Protests in the shape of loud gurgles, horrible chokings and desperate struggling are quite unheeded. The steady stream of water continues to pour down the child's throat until the mother's practiced touch on the patient's distended stomach tells her that the limit of capacity has been reached. All babies are submitted to this treatment, which is believed to have a most strengthening effect.—London Standard.

Advice to Smokers.

Here are a number of don'ts for smokers, some of which no doubt will surprise a good many men: Don't smoke directly after a meal. There is the most irresistible craving to smoke, but it is wiser to wait a half hour or an hour. Don't smoke out of doors in a high wind or in cold, frosty weather. In the former case it is dangerous, and in the latter it cracks the lips and prevents proper breathing. Don't smoke with the cigar or pipe held at the corner of the mouth. This excites the secretion of more saliva than when the cigar or pipe is held straight in front. And, above all, don't get in the bad habit of expectorating frequently when smoking. It is quite unnecessary and merely a habit and harmful.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Ignorant, but Careful.

"Ignorance nearly always makes fools of us," said a lecturer. "I remember a man, ignorant of etiquette, who once sat beside me at a public dinner. I noticed that this man, as soon as he was seated, took up one by one the knives at the right of his plate and began to try their edges on his thumb. A waiter behind him leaned forward and said in a hurt tone:

"'The knives are all sharp, sir.'

"'The point is,' said my neighbor, 'I'm looking for a blunt one. Last time I attended a banquet here I cut my mouth.'"

An Obedient Tiger.

"How entire," remarks the London Globe, "is the confidence of the native East Indian in the government may be gathered from the following anecdote, which comes from Lahore: A tiger had escaped from the zoological gardens, and its keeper, hoping to lure it back, followed it. When all other inducements had failed, he lifted up his voice and solemnly adjured it in the name of the British government, to which it belonged, to come back to its cage. The tiger, it is needless to add, obeyed at once."

Foul or Fair Weather.

Small Wallace accepted an invitation to a party, as follows:

"Dear Louis—I will come to your party if it don't rain" (then thinking that he might have to stay at home in that case), "and if it does."—Delineator.

A Real Tumbler.

"I saw a goblet today made of bone."

"Pshaw! I saw a tumbler made of flesh and blood last night."

"Where?"

"At the circus."

Of noise alone is born the inward sense of silence, and from action springs alone the inward knowledge of true love and faith.—MacDonald.

Sleepless.

Blobbs—Why don't you consult a doctor about your insomnia? Slobbs—What! And run up more bills? Why, it's because of what I owe him now that I can't sleep.

Wanted Full Credit.

"Now, my little man, you are accused of striking another boy and knocking out one of his teeth."

"'Scuse me, jedge, two of his teeth."—Life.

When He Enjoys Home.

"Does your husband enjoy his home?"

"Yes—whenever I want him to take me to the theater."—Cleveland Leader.

HOW SHE WON SUCCESS ON THE STAGE.

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Heloise Garnier was playing with a Parisian dramatic company at Geneva, Mlle. Garnier was by no means the leading woman. Indeed, her part was lady's maid, and all she had to say during the performance was, "I think the count very handsome." Nor was Mlle. Garnier pretty nor distinguished looking. Indeed, she was a very ordinary girl of twenty, though it must be confessed a very good one.

On the last night that the company performed at Geneva Mlle. Garnier was surprised at receiving a card on which was engraved the name "Caspar Pearson." There was also written in pencil, "I shall esteem it a favor if Mlle. Garnier will permit me to thank her in person for the pleasure she has given me."

Not only was mademoiselle, but the rest of the company, astonished. None of the principal actresses had received such a compliment. Mlle. Garnier at once became an important personage in their eyes. Caspar Pearson was admitted behind the scenes. He appeared to be a young man of respectability. He was deferential to the lady, to whom he had taken a fancy, and after the play his father, who was in the theater, sent mademoiselle an invitation to sup at the family home.

The father, the mother and the son united in praising the young actress' bearing on the stage, the well modulated tone in which she had spoken the few lines assigned her and agreed that she should have a better part, predicting a final triumph for her in her art. Pearson pere offered to give her an introduction to his brother in Paris, who, he said, had great influence with the press and theatrical managers. When she left the house for her hotel young Pearson accompanied her in the family carriage. He asked permission to call in the morning and see her to the train.

The next morning when Caspar Pearson drove up to the hotel the eyes of every member of the company were leveled at him. He brought a large bouquet of flowers, which he begged mademoiselle to accept, informing her at the same time that his father had telegraphed to "Uncle Gaston," in Paris, who would meet her at the station, take her home to dinner and consult as to a plan for her advancement in her profession.

When they reached Paris a gentleman advanced and asked which was Mlle. Garnier, and when she was pointed out to him took her to his carriage, and they were driven to his home. During the ride he talked much about the family estate in Geneva.

"And those flowers," he said. "I would know at once they came from the gardens of our old homestead. Do you know, I laid out those gardens myself years ago."

"Please accept them," said mademoiselle, "since they are so precious to you."

Uncle Gaston formed many plans for Mlle. Garnier's pursuit of her profession. None of them ever seemed to come to a head, but the attention she had received bore fruit. The manager of the company advanced her rapidly and it was not long before she had every opportunity. Her talents as an actress were mediocre, but she found a part that she could play admirably, and this gained her great success.

Soon after her experience in Geneva young Caspar Pearson went to Paris and called upon her. She was very grateful to him for having been the motive power in starting her upward in her profession, and after a time he began to show a great partiality for her. Uncle Gaston heard of his nephew's attentions and wrote his brother of them. The consequence was a visit to Paris of the youngster's father and a violent scene between father and son in presence of the actress, the father threatening to disinherit the son unless he gave up his love. The son then threatened to denounce his father and his uncle for some offense he did not state, and consent was finally reluctantly given.

Mlle. Garnier, now Mme. Pearson, continued to act under her former name. It was not till some time after her marriage that she reaped the full benefit of the start she had received and which she considered entirely due to the admiration her husband had conceived for her at first sight. But whenever she would give demonstrative evidence of her gratitude her husband would turn away with displeasure and beg her not to mention the subject again. One day she asked him:

"Caspar, what did you mean by threatening to denounce your father and uncle when they opposed our marriage?"

Pearson thought awhile, then said: "I have a confession to make. Do you remember the immense bouquet I gave you the morning of your departure from Geneva?"

"Yes. It was beautiful."

"It contained $10,000 worth of watch springs."

"Watch springs?"

"Yes. The whole scheme was to make a smuggler of you. It succeeded admirably. My admiration and love for you came afterward."

"Oh, Caspar!"

"Do not condemn me till I have told you all. The duty on Geneva watch springs was very large. When at my father's death I inherited his share of the business I hunted up the entry of the profit on those you took in duty free and placed an equal sum at interest. The total I have put in a solitaire diamond for you. Here it is."

"Caspar, I forgive you."

LEAH INGERSOLL.

One Good Shot.

A story is told of the way in which Lord Coleridge once turned his wit for the benefit of a confused young barrister. The latter had called the attention of a witness to two contradictions in his testimony, one of which his own counsel proved to be no contradiction at all. The young barrister grew crimson with mortification, but Lord Coleridge, noting his embarrassment, said kindly: "Never mind, sir. One of your barrels has missed fire, it seems, but the other has taken effect."

The Wrong Horse.

Bridget had been in America only a few months, but she believed in the principle of pretending to know what she ought to know. She had been engaged as laundry girl in a small family of well to do people. When asked if she understood all the details of her work she unhesitatingly replied, "Sure I do, ma'am."

Her mistress was not quite satisfied, however, and while she was busy with her first washing looked in upon her. Bridget seemed to be doing all right, and she left without offering suggestions.

Next morning the ironing was in order, and Bridget was hard at it when her mistress looked in to say, "As you get the clothes ironed, just throw them over the horse."

"All right, ma'am," the busy laundry girl replied without stopping to raise her eyes from her work in hand.

The laundry room was located in an outhouse adjoining the barn, and occasionally the neighing of the family horse and the merry voice of Bridget resounded throughout the house.

Returning to the laundry house a couple of hours later, the lady could scarcely believe her eyes nor restrain her mirth when she beheld the family horse, standing patiently beside Bridget, loaded down with newly ironed sheets, pillowcases, tablecloths and lace trimmed waists and skirts. With an anxious look on her honest face Bridget observed. "I'm glad you've come, ma'am, for I'll have to have another horse."

Working Too Hard.

The owner of the farm had been enjoying himself at the county fair, while his hardworking wife stayed at home to see that the farm suffered no loss in his absence.

"Well, Sarah," said the owner upon his return, "I'm about all tired out. Is the cows in the barn?"

"Yes; long since," replied his wife, barely looking up from the task then in hand.

"Is the hosses unharnessed an' fed?"

"Yes."

"Chickens locked up?"

"Yes."

"Wood chopped for mornin'?"

"Yes."

"Wagon heel mended an' ready t' start in th' mornin'?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," concluded the exhausted owner, with a sigh of relief, "let me have my supper. I'm goin' to' turn in. Farmin's beginnin' t' tell on me."—New York Herald.

The Popular Coral.

The dealer held up two strings of coral. They were of equal size, but one was dark and dull in hue, the other beautifully pink and translucent.

"The dark one," he said, "is worth 50 cents; the pink one is worth $500. That is what makes coral so popular. It suits all pocketbooks. All over the world it goes. These strings of rough, uncut beads are for the dead of India. They are put round the necks of the bodies about to be burned in the ghats. These large and blood red beads go to Africa. They are much liked by the natives, whose dark skins they perfectly suit. Here are a lot of coral hands with fingers extended in a V—the gesture that wards off the evil eye. The coral hands are for Italy, where the belief in their efficacy is widespread."—Buffalo Express.

He Would Return.

Marlow was three years old. One day his mother said to him, "Now, Marlow, you may go outdoors to play for awhile, but if I see you crossing the street to play with that naughty little boy Willie Burr again I'll give you a hard, hard spanking."

Half an hour later the mother looked out after her boy and saw him playing with Willie Burr. She raised the window and called with forced gentleness:

"Marlow, come here to me!"

Marlow came, but as he did so he turned to his companion and said:

"You stay wight here, Willie. I'm doin' in to det spanked. I'll be wight back."—Delineator.

Catching Rats.

The best way to catch rats is to put any animal substance, well perfumed with oil of rhodium, into a trap. This induces them to enter readily and even draws them from a considerable distance, as they are extremely partial to this oil. An ounce of oil of rhodium will cost you 50 cents. Catnip to a cat is nothing like rhodium to a rat. Oil of rhodium is made from a species of bindweed and is used in perfumery.—New York Press.

The Wrong Shoulder.

In a timber yard two workmen were carrying a large piece of wood when the manager, who happened to come up at the time, accosted one of them. "Joe," said he, "you've got that batten upon the wrong shoulder."

"I know that," was the ready reply. "It should be upon yours!"—London Scraps.

Extending Zone.

"Teacher says," exclaimed the precocious child, "that we live in the temperate zone."

"Yes," answered Colonel Stillwell "and if these Prohibitionists keep going it'll be worse than that."—Washington Star.

Worrying.

Worrying is one of the greatest drawbacks to happiness. Most of it can be avoided if we only determine not to let trifles annoy us, for the largest amount of worrying is caused by the smallest trifles.

Let him who has bestowed a benefit be silent. Let him who received it tell of it.—Seneca.

Cayou, former member of the Carlisle Indian football team, is coaching Washington university in St. Louis. He coached Wabash last fall.

The big eastern colleges have expensive athletic equipment, exclusive of ground, the cost being: Harvard, $540,000; Pennsylvania, $460,000; Princeton, $450,000; Yale, $385,000; Cornell, $112,000.

F. W. Burgess made his eighth attempt to swim across the English channel recently, but was compelled to abandon the difficult feat when within half a mile of the French coast after being in the water twenty-seven hours and eleven minutes.

In a Signal Tower.

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Ten years ago I was employed in a signal block tower on a railroad. These towers are used to operate the levers controlling the semaphores which direct the engineers of passing trains. They are raised high above the tracks, and those located out in a sparsely settled country are lonely places. At that time some of the towers were worked by women, and I was one of these women. Indeed, I was a girl of twenty.

My duties were not onerous. I had time for sewing or fancy work or music, the latter of which I was very fond. I had the night watch, and I and my colleague of the day watch kept our quarters in spick and span condition, with plants in the windows—indeed, everything to make the place homelike.

Our tower was some distance from any house, but I was never lonely or afraid, for at the approach of danger I could lock myself in, and with arms and ammunition the place had great advantages for defense. But I never thought of defending myself, for I could see no reason why I should be attacked.

One evening shortly before dark I was singing, accompanying myself on my guitar. I did not hear a footstep ascending, and suddenly, looking back of me, I saw a man standing in the room. He was quite respectably dressed, but there was something in his face I did not like. Bowing to me deferentially, he said:

"Pardon me for this intrusion. I heard the music and was surprised that it should come from a railroad watch tower. I am very fond of music, and your voice is delicious. Would you mind my sitting here," taking a seat, "while you sing?"

I was not deceived by his smooth tongue, but what could I do? I must meet deception by deception. I appeared flattered by his approval and continued my singing, though with a trembling voice. The song was "In the Gloaming." It was very appropriate, but I was not thinking of the gloaming. I was thinking how I might outwit some nefarious scheme I was sure the man had in view. It occurred to me to play Miss Simplicity. As soon as I had finished the song I began to talk about music, how I doted on it and how I felt an immediate liking for any one who loved it. But the man soon turned the subject to my work, asking me all manner of questions with regard to it—the levers, the semaphores and how I threw the trains on to the right track.

I judged from this that he was there rather with some object in view connected with the railroad than myself personally. I made it appear that I was pleased to tell him what he wished to know and talked incessantly in order that I might keep him on that subject, hoping to stave off any intentions he might have with regard to me.

"Now, suppose," he said, "a train should come along. What's the next train?"

"The Bentford express."

"Well, you wish to put it on the right track. What do you do?"

"I pull this lever."

"And if you wished it to take the right hand track of the Y, a short distance up the track, what would you do?"

"I would pull this lever," putting my hand on another.

"H'm. It's very interesting. What a simple system when you once know it."

"Very."

He looked at the clock, rather nervously, I thought, and listened. There was a distant rattle of a train.

"Is that the express?" he asked.

"I have no doubt it is."

The expression on his face began to change. The interested look he had thus far worn gave place to one of resolution. He walked back and forth, and I saw him put his hand to his hip. I was satisfied that this was to make sure his weapon was in its proper place, though I did not see why he needed it for a girl like me. Perhaps he was going to shoot the engineer.

When the train came within a short distance of the tower I stepped to the levers and put my hand on one of them. My visitor stooped, evidently so as not to be seen from below.

"Not that," he said from behind; "not that one; the other. Throw the train on the right hand track of the Y."

I heard a click and, looking back, saw the muzzle of a revolver pointing at me. I pulled the lever he ordered me to pull, and the train went thundering by.

Taking a pair of nippers from his pocket, the man cut the wires connecting my telegraph instrument with the main line and, taking a piece of the wire with him, ran out and hurried down the stairs. I locked the door and, staggering to the window, looked out. He was running after the train. He turned and said:

"Goodby, sweetheart. You sing like a nightingale."

As soon as he was out of sight I fell on the floor in a dead faint. Then, coming to myself, I got up and, weak as I was, danced. When he had asked me how to throw the train on to the wrong course I had told him the way to put it on the right one.

I was called on the wire from another station and, not replying, a messenger was soon sent to learn the cause of my silence. Since there was no damage done, the missing wire was the only confirmation of my story. It was enough, and I received a liberal reward. My visitor's intention was never explained. It was doubtless intended to wreck the train and rob it.

HELOISE AMES.

Soda and Water.

For sheer simplicity of phrase and conception few have surpassed that delightful old lady who, with a shrewd twinkle in her eye, inquired whether "soda water" should be written as two separate words or if there should be a siphon between them.

Shopping Politeness.

"Never point, my dear," said the mother gently.

"But, mamma," objected the little girl, "suppose I don't know the name of the thing?"

"Then let the salesman show you all he has in stock until he comes to the article that is desired."—New York Press.

SUGGESTED BY CHILDREN.

Origin of the Argand Lamp and the Telescope.

Some of our most useful mechanical appliances owe their existence to the ingenuity of children in fashioning their playthings. Argand, who invented a lamp with a wick fitted into a hollow cylinder, was one day busy in his workroom. Sitting before the burning lamp, his little brother was amusing himself by placing a bottomless oil flask over different articles. Suddenly he placed it upon the flame of the lamp, which instantly shot up the long circular neck of the flask with increased brilliancy. Argand did not allow such a suggestive occurrence to escape him. The idea of the lamp chimney almost immediately came into his head, and in a short time his invention was perfected.

The telescope owes its origin to a similar occurrence. The children of a Dutch spectacle maker happened to be playing one day with some of their father's glasses in front of the shop door. Placing two of the glasses together, they peeped through them and were exceedingly astonished to see the weathercock of the neighboring steeple brought within a short distance of their eyes. They were naturally puzzled and called their father to see the strange sight. When the spectacle maker looked through the glasses he was no less surprised than the children had been. He went indoors and thought the matter over, and then the idea occurred to him that he might construct a curious new toy which would give people a good deal of amusement. Not long after the telescope was an accomplished fact.

THE SUBTLE FEMALE.

How She Wheedles and Bullies the Poor Man Creature.

As woman gradually impressed upon man the futility of strutting around in finery and the necessity of being practically useful his garb has become more and more sober and workaday in appearance. Ethnologists tell us that the decorations of primitive man were intended to fascinate feminine eyes, but woman presently began to make it clear that she was not hunting for "a fine, showy article," but something solid and plain and useful, warranted to stand wear and tear. As for the ornamental role, she was going to represent the family herself in that line.

In fact, when one reflects how man has been stripped of gauds and wheedled out of his fripperies one by one, one cannot help feeling a tender pity for this victim of feminine self aggrandizement. Poor, timid trembler! A vague, general fear of the female sex haunts him. Afraid of being married against his will, he is circumvented by some subtle female creature who makes him think that it is his will to marry her. An observer remarks that a man very often in running away from the right woman runs straight into the arms of the wrong woman. And the wrong woman, that great opportunist, is always waiting there to block his headlong flight and switch it toward the altar.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Easy Job.

Indifference displayed in the face of the uncertainties and dangers of life is characteristic of the Wessex dwellers in the "Islands of the Vale," according to Eleanor G. Hayden, the author of the book of the title, who supports her statement with a story of humorous turn.

A certain cottage and its old mistress had improved so greatly in comfort and appearance that a visitor shrewdly surmised that the son of the house, a lazy ne'er do well, had turned over a new leaf. He inquired about it.

"Yes, sir, my son's in work now," said the smiling old mother. "Takes good money, he does, too. All he has to do is to go twice a day to the circus and put his head in the lion's mouth. The rest of the time he has to himself."

Not Infectious.

I used to be very much afraid that my children while playing with others would be exposed to some contagious disease, and they were constantly on the lookout for trouble of this kind.

One day little Louise, aged four, came rushing in from the street where she had been playing with a crowd of children. In a very excited manner she burst out, "Well, mother, two of the Meyers children have something, but sister says she don't think we'll catch it, though."

"Well, what is it, darling?" I asked.

"It's the pigeon toes," she replied.—Delineator.

How Pike Kill Perch.

From careful observation I am satisfied that pike kill their prey before swallowing them, and they do this by holding whatever fish they have secured crossways in their powerful jaws for some time before bolting it. I once watched a pike hold a perch in this way for twenty minutes, and then he moved off out of sight, but from five to ten minutes is the usual time.—W. H. Armistead in "Trout Waters, Management and Angling."

Information Wanted.

Mrs. Benham—Before we were married you said that life would be one grand, sweet song. Benham—Well, what of it? Mrs. Benham—I'd like to know where you do your singing.—New York Press.

An Added Attraction.

"Ah, Elsie, it is fine to be married to an officer—such a beautiful uniform and so many decorations!"

"Yes, and, besides that, he'll have a band at his funeral."—Wahre Jacob.

The proprietor of the celebrated mountain inn was showing the new guest the beautiful surroundings.

"Ah, these cliffs!" said the proprietor rapturously. "In an electrical storm they are awe inspiring. The next time a storm rises see that you are standing on the porch of the inn. Why, sir, the air is always heavily charged."

"I don't doubt it," laughed the new guest, winking at another late arrival, "and if I don't happen to be standing on the porch I can feel assured that it will be heavily charged anyway—on my bill."—Chicago.

A HONGKONG TYPHOON.

Doors and Windows Smashed In by the Fury of the Gale.

Boom! Boom! Boom! The signal had changed to the ominous red-green-red, and the three dynamite bombs were the warning that the typhoon was upon us. No need to hurry the servants now—every one was only too anxious to assist. The wind was tearing round the house, seemingly in all directions, but strongest from the north, and the noise of it was louder than thunder. One outside room, more exposed than the rest, seemed to be its especial butt. We stayed there for a moment to listen to the raging of the storm, but even the stoutest heart could not sleep in that pandemonium of sound. It was well shuttered and barred, but it was incredible that it stood in that tornado of wind. The doors creaked and groaned with the strain, and the windows clattered with a shriller note, while outside it seemed as though all the winds of all the ages were let loose for destruction. In the center of the house, though the noise was less, one could feel the building rocking on its foundations and hardly dared speculate how much the late heavy rains had weakened them. Every moment we expected the roof would go.

Crash! The upper part of an inner glass door had blown in. There was a stampede for that part of the house, for the wind must be kept out at all costs. Sofa cushions, sheets, blankets from the beds, all were requisitioned to stuff the broken panes. We had hardly finished before there was a terrific noise in the basement and such a shouting in Chinese that one could hear the boys above the din of the storm. It was the door of the cook room which had burst its hinges and bolts, and once the wind had found an entry it made the most of its opportunity. Twenty-seven panes of glass clattered to the ground in the basement before they could get the door wedged back into place with great difficulty. But there was little time to think of the servants, for we had our own troubles upstairs.

The wind suddenly veered round until the full force seemed to be coming from the southwest, and the front of the house began to feel it. The hall door was straining on its hinges, and we had to improvise struts and pile heavy furniture behind it to help its resistance to the wind. Then a rush upstairs, for a bathroom window had crushed in and the door was straining. Every moment the wind was increasing in fury, but the roof held. Between 3 and 4 the typhoon was at its height, and it is impossible to describe the sense of helplessness one feels in such a wild raging of the elements. Sleep was out of the question until the wind abated toward morning, and we rested a little, a tired, sorry looking household, encamped in the safest part of the house.—Nan Peacock in Leslie's Weekly.

Faults on Both Sides.

He was a mild and meek kind of husband, but at length his patience and good nature gave out, and he went to his lawyer to get him to draw up a deed of separation from his exasperating better half.

"Ah, well," said the lawyer thoughtfully, "perhaps there may be faults on both sides."

"You're right!" shouted the angry client. "She has a hump on her back and a wart on her nose."—New York Times.